

THE DAILY DISPATCH.

JAS. A. COWARDIN, Proprietor.

HUGH R. PLEASANTS, Editor.

CASH TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
1 square, 1 insertion \$0 50
1 square, 1 month \$4 00
1 square, 3 months \$10 00
1 square, 6 months \$18 00
1 square, 1 year \$30 00

THE WEEKLY DISPATCH

Published every Friday morning, and mailed for six months \$10.00.

RICHMOND STOVE WORKS.

The works are located in the immediate vicinity of the Tredegar Iron Works, and are now in blast.

ANTHRACITE COAL.

I have now in yard, and will keep regularly supplied, with the very best and white ash Anthracite Coal.

JOSEPH R. KEENINGHAM

I execute orders in every department of Book Binding and Blank Book manufacturing.

HALF BBL'S. No. 1 Roe Herrings.

50 bbls. coal, Herrings, for sale low.

LIFE INSURANCE.

The subscriber, as the Agent of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company, would again invite his friends to join up and secure a small amount for the widow and orphan.

HEAD QUARTERS FOR FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.

The subscriber has now in store a complete assortment of Fall and Winter Ready Made Clothing.

THE LADIES' SALOON.

We are under many obligations to the Ladies for the liberal patronage extended by them to our pleasant store, 73 Main street.

AMERICAN HOTEL.

The subscriber begs to inform his friends that the American Hotel has just been opened in the most convenient manner.

FINE OLD ROE HERRINGS.

50 bbls. in store and for sale by W. L. DENNIS & BROTHER.

100 SMALL SIZE MOUNTAIN AND BALTIMORE HAMS.

Just received and for sale by DANNEY & HANES.

WINTER BLEACHED SPERM OIL.

Perfectly pure and clear, for sale by E. J. PICOT.

THE AROMATIC WILD CHERRY BITTERS.

Will remove all disorders of the stomach, and the digestive organs and restore them to their full vigor.

GUN AND RIFLE MAKING.

Smithery, &c.—J. W. will make and repair all kinds of guns, rifles, double and single barrel guns.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

THE THIRD VOLUME OF PUTNAM'S

SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY.—Comprising the first of the Original and Copyright Series, entitled 'Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England.'

Netwithstanding the triteness of the field, I may presume to think that there will be a great many who will get to follow me over it, and this although my joy to follow me, and not by very elegant, but to only as one farmer's leg and one squire's log with the help of a short, crooked, half-grown academic sapling.

VALUABLE LAW BOOKS.

Vol 4 Annual Digest, for 1850, being a continuation of Putnam's great United States Digest.

NEW ANNUAL DIGEST.

For sale by J. W. RANDOLPH, February 18th. Esmaralda, the Italian Pensive Girl, a Romance of Ravenna, by George Channing Hill—25 cents.

BAPIST BOOK DEPOSITORY.

Just received for sale this store, a copy of the Bible of Christ, by Rev. John Fleetwood, D.D.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

YER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

For the cure of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, and CONSUMPTION.

Many years of trial, instead of impairing the public confidence in this medicine, has won for it an appreciation and notoriety far exceeding the most sanguine expectations of its friends.

Netwithstanding the triteness of the field, I may presume to think that there will be a great many who will get to follow me over it, and this although my joy to follow me, and not by very elegant, but to only as one farmer's leg and one squire's log with the help of a short, crooked, half-grown academic sapling.

VALUABLE LAW BOOKS.

Vol 4 Annual Digest, for 1850, being a continuation of Putnam's great United States Digest.

NEW ANNUAL DIGEST.

For sale by J. W. RANDOLPH, February 18th. Esmaralda, the Italian Pensive Girl, a Romance of Ravenna, by George Channing Hill—25 cents.

BAPIST BOOK DEPOSITORY.

Just received for sale this store, a copy of the Bible of Christ, by Rev. John Fleetwood, D.D.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

MAURICE TIERNAY.

The soldier of Fortune, by Charles Lever—50 cents. A Commentary on the original texts of the Acts of the Apostles, by H. B. Hackett.

THE DAILY DISPATCH

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

Recollections of a Police-Officer.

FLINT JACKSON.

[CONCLUDED.]

'Just step into her cell,' I continued, 'upon some excuse or other, and carelessly drop a hint that if she could prevail upon Jackson to get her brought by habeas before a judge in London, there could be no doubt of her being bailed.'

'The man stared, but after a few words of pretended explanation, went off to do as I requested. He was not long gone. She's all in a twitter at the thoughts of it,' he said; 'and must have pen, ink, and paper without a moment's delay, bless her consequence!'

'These were supplied; and I was soon in possession of her letter, couched cautiously, but more emphatically than the former one. I need hardly say it did not reach its destination. She passed the next day in a state of feverish impatience, and no answer returning, wrote again; her words this time conveyed an implicit, though indistinct threat. I refrained from visiting her till two days had thus passed, and found her, as I expected, eaten up with fury. She glared at me as I entered the cell, like a chained tigress.

'You appear vexed,' said I, 'no doubt because Jackson declines to get you bailed. He ought not to refuse you such a trifling service, considering all things.'

'All that things? replied the woman, eyeing me fiercely. 'That you know best, though I have a shrewd guess.'

'What do you guess? and what are you driving at?'

'I will deal frankly with you, Sarah Purday. In the first place, you must plainly perceive that your friend Jackson has cast you off; abandoned you to your fate; and that fate will, there can be no doubt, be transportation.'

'Well,' she impatiently snarled, 'suppose so; what then?'

'This—that you can help yourself in this difficulty by helping me.'

'As how?'

'In the first place, give the means of convicting Jackson of having received the stolen property.'

'Oh, I know it very well—as well almost as you do. But this is not my chief object; there is another far more important one, and I ran over the incidents relative to the attempt at poisoning. Now,' I resumed, 'tell me, if you will, your opinion on this matter.'

'That it was Jackson who administered the poison and certainly not the young woman,' she replied with unequivocal promptness.

'My own conviction! This, then, is my proposition: you are sharp-witted, and know this fellow's ways, habits, and propensities thoroughly—I, too, have heard something of them, and it strikes me that you could suggest some device grounded on that knowledge, whereby the truth might come to light.'

'The woman looked fixedly at me for some time without speaking. As I meant fairly and honestly by her I could bear her gaze without shrinking. 'Supposing I could assist you,' she at last said, 'how would that help me?'

'It would help you greatly. You would no doubt be all convicted of the burglary, for the offence is irrefragable; but if in the meantime you should have been instrumental in saving the life of an innocent person, and of bringing a great criminal to justice, there cannot be a question that the Queen's mercy would be extended to you, and the punishment be merely a nominal one.'

'If I were sure of that,' she murmured with a quivering scrutiny in her eyes, which were still fixed upon my countenance—'if I were sure of that! But you are misleading me. Believe me, I am not. I speak perfect sincerity. Take time to consider the matter. I will look in again in about an hour; and pray, do not forget that it is your sole and last chance.'

I left her, and did not return till more than three hours had passed away. Sarah Purday was pacing the cell in a frenzy of inquietude. 'I thought you had forgotten me,' she continued with rapid vehemence, 'tell me upon your word and honour as a man, do you truly believe that if I can effectually assist you it will avail me Her Majesty?'

'I am as positive it will as I am of my own life.'

'Well, then, I will assist you. First, then, Jackson's handwriting, in a frenzy of indignation, and received the plate and jewellery, for which he paid less than one-third of the value.'

'Rogers and his wife were not, I hope, cognizant of this?'

'Certainly not; but Jackson's wife and the woman-servant, Riddet, were. I have been turning the other business over in my mind, and I think I can find a way to get the truth out of her. Now, if you can, it is not solely a selfish motive which induces me to aid in saving Mary Rogers from destruction. I was once myself—Ah God!'

'Tears welled up to the fierce eyes, but they were quickly brushed away, and she continued somewhat more calmly: 'You have heard, I daresay, that Jackson has a strange habit of talking in his sleep?'

'I have, and that he once suggested Morgan as to whether there was any cure for it. It was that which partly suggested—'

pounds. All this hurled at him,' continued the woman with wild energy and flashing eyes, 'what else might he hold, quick-witted man, make him believe he had confessed, revealed in his brief sleep?'

'I had been sitting on a bench; but as these rapid disclosures burst from her lips, and I saw the use to which they might be turned, I rose slowly, and in some sort involuntarily to her fiery words.'

'God reward you!' I exclaimed, shaking both her hands in mine. 'You have, unless blunder, rescued an innocent woman from the scaffold. I see it all. Farewell!'

'Mr. Waters,' she exclaimed, in a changed, palpitating voice, as I was passing forth; 'when all is done, you will not forget me?'

'That I will not, by my own hopes of mercy in the hereafter. Adieu!'

'At a quarter past nine that evening I, accompanied by two Parish constables, knocked at the door of Jackson's house. Henry Rogers, I should state, had been removed to the village. The door was opened by the woman-servant, and we went in. 'I have a warrant for your arrest, Jane Riddet,' said, 'as an accomplice in the plate-stealing the other day—There, don't scream, but listen to me. I then intimated the terms upon which alone she could expect favour. She tremblingly promised compliance; and after placing the constables outside, in concealment, but within hearing, I proceeded to the parlour, secured the terrified old woman, and confined her safely in a distant room.'

'Now, Riddet,' I said, 'quick with one of the old lady's gowns, a shawl, cap, &c., &c. These were brought, and I returned to the parlour—It was a roomy apartment, with small, diamond paned windows, and just then but very faintly illumined by the star-light. There were two large high-backed easy-chairs, and I prepared to take possession of one recently vacated by Jackson's wife. 'You must perfectly understand,' were my parting words to the trembling servant, 'that we intend stalling no nonsense with either you or your master. You cannot escape; but if you let Mr. Jackson in as usual, and he enters this room as usual, no harm will befall you; if otherwise, you will be unquestionably transported. No, go.'

'My toilette was not so easily accomplished as I thought it would be. The gown did not meet at the back by about a foot; that, however, was of little consequence, as the high chair concealed the deficiency; neither did the shortness of the sleeves matter much, as the ample shawl could be made to hide my too great length of arm; but the skirt was scarcely lower than a Highlander's, and how the deuce I was to crook my booted legs up out of view, even in that gloomy twilight, I could hardly imagine. The cap also was far too small for my head, and I was obliged to put on my whiskers, might, I thought, be concealed in this self-fitting disguise; these arrangements, when Jackson knocked at his door. The servant admitted him without remark, and he presently entered the room, carefully locked the door, and jolted down, so to speak, in the fellow easy-chair to mine.'

'He was silent for a few moments, and then he bawled out, 'She'll swing for it, they say—swing for it, d'ye hear, dame? But no of course she don't—deafster and deafster, deafster and deafster every day. It'll be a pretty good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

'He then got up and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous accompaniment. He resented himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping bawled out, 'd'ye hear, dame? But no of course she don't—deafster and deafster, deafster and deafster every day. It'll be a pretty good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

'He then got up and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous accompaniment. He resented himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping bawled out, 'd'ye hear, dame? But no of course she don't—deafster and deafster, deafster and deafster every day. It'll be a pretty good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

'He then got up and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous accompaniment. He resented himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping bawled out, 'd'ye hear, dame? But no of course she don't—deafster and deafster, deafster and deafster every day. It'll be a pretty good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

'He then got up and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous accompaniment. He resented himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping bawled out, 'd'ye hear, dame? But no of course she don't—deafster and deafster, deafster and deafster every day. It'll be a pretty good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

'He then got up and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous accompaniment. He resented himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping bawled out, 'd'ye hear, dame? But no of course she don't—deafster and deafster, deafster and deafster every day. It'll be a pretty good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

'He then got up and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous accompaniment. He resented himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping bawled out, 'd'ye hear, dame? But no of course she don't—deafster and deafster, deafster and deafster every day. It'll be a pretty good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

'He then got up and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous accompaniment. He resented himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping bawled out, 'd'ye hear, dame? But no of course she don't—deafster and deafster, deafster and deafster every day. It'll be a pretty good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

'He then got up and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous accompaniment. He resented himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping bawled out, 'd'ye hear, dame? But no of course she don't—deafster and deafster, deafster and deafster every day. It'll be a pretty good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

'He then got up and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous accompaniment. He resented himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping bawled out, 'd'ye hear, dame? But no of course she don't—deafster and deafster, deafster and deafster every day. It'll be a pretty good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

'He then got up and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous accompaniment. He resented himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping bawled out, 'd'ye hear, dame? But no of course she don't—deafster and deafster, deafster and deafster every day. It'll be a pretty good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

'He then got up and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous accompaniment. He resented himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping bawled out, 'd'ye hear, dame? But no of course she don't—deafster and deafster, deafster and deafster every day. It'll be a pretty good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

'He then got up and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous accompaniment. He resented himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping bawled out, 'd'ye hear, dame? But no of course she don't—deafster and deafster, deafster and deafster every day. It'll be a pretty good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

'He then got up and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous accompaniment. He resented himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping bawled out, 'd'ye hear, dame? But no of course she don't—deafster and deafster, deafster and deafster every day. It'll be a pretty good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

'He then got up and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous accompaniment. He resented himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping bawled out, 'd'ye hear, dame? But no of course she don't—deafster and deafster, deafster and deafster every day. It'll be a pretty good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

'He then got up and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look—by the jingling of glasses and the outpouring of liquids that he was helping himself to his spirituous accompaniment. He resented himself, and drank in moody silence, except now and then mumbling drowsily to himself, but in so low a tone that I could make nothing out of it save an occasional curse or blasphemy. It was nearly eleven o'clock before the muttered self-communing ceased, and his heavy head sank upon the back of the easy-chair. He was very restless, and it was evident that even his sleeping bawled out, 'd'ye hear, dame? But no of course she don't—deafster and deafster, deafster and deafster every day. It'll be a pretty good job when the parson says his last prayers over her as well as others.'

'He then got up and went to a cupboard. I could hear—for I dared not look